

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By MARIA LOGAN. 

YORK:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by WILSON, SPENCE, and MAWMAN.

Anno 1793.



TO

THOSE FRIENDS

WHOSE TENDER AND UNREMITTED ATTENTIONS

HAVE ENLIVENED

SEVEN TEDIOUS YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED SICKNESS,

THE FOLLOWING TRIFLES

ARE INSCRIBED

BY THEIR SINCERELY GRATEFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE

FRIEND,

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P O E M S
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO IMAGINATION.

THOU fair Enchantress ! whose delusive charms
Oft-times have drawn my wand'ring feet astray,
Oft-times seduc'd me from Reflection's arms,
Beyond the light of Reason's sober ray—

Forego thy pow'r, and leave me to repose,
Ah ! tempt me not in Fancy's fields to rove ;
Her flow'ry paths oft lead to hidden woes,
Then fade the airy forms her hand has wove.

No longer bend on me thy wanton eye,
Nor smile resistless as thy waving hand
With graceful motion beckons from on high,
And the light spirits mount at thy command.

As late my eager feet thy steps pursu'd,
Thro' scenes created by thy magic pow'r,
Where each bright object smil'd but to delude,
And poison lurk'd in ev'ry fragrant flow'r,—

How did my dazzled eye delighted rove
Thro' every roseate bow'r and verdant shade !
There trace the winding stream, the nodding grove,
The solitary path, the op'ning glade !

“ And here,” I cry'd, “ for ever will I stray ;
“ Here drink, unmix'd, the sparkling cup of Joy ;
“ Delight shall brighten ev'ry rising day,
“ And not a care the peaceful night annoy.”

But soon, alas ! the fairy vision fled,
The smiling sorceress vanished from my sight,
And haggard Disappointment, in her stead,
Wav'd her black wand, and quench'd Hope's radiant light.

TO HEALTH.

COME! jocund Nymph of rosy hue,
Thy light foot wet with morning dew,
Thy bosom open to the gale,
Which breathes delight o'er hill and vale—
O come! and on thy suppliant's head
Some portion of thy blessing shed:
I do not ask of thee to pour
With ceaseless hand thy balmy store;
I do not wish thee to bestow,
The moisten'd lip of crimson glow;
Nor yet the cheek whose vermil dye
Gives radiance to the lucid eye;
All these, contented, I resign:—
But let thy cheering smile be mine,
That magic smile, whose pow'rful charm
Can banish far each rude alarm;

Can sooth parental Care to rest,
And kindle hope in Friendship's breast,
When the pale cheek, and languid air
Thy less'ning influence declare,
And fond Affection's anxious eye
Dismay'd beholds thy colours fly.

TO SICKNESS.

WHAT tho' my cheeks thy pallid liv'ry wear,
And each enfeebled nerve thy pow'r obeys !
Tho' hourly doom'd thy chilling grasp to bear,
I shiver in the summer's noontide blaze !

Yet will I welcome thy chastising hand,
Since thou hast left my mind her wonted pow'rs ;
Since Reason still maintains her high command,
And sportive Fancy gilds my lonely hours.

Pleas'd I behold the morning's orient dye ;
The verdant path delights, tho' now untrod ;
And unimpair'd by thee, my mental eye
Still looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God.

And many a lesson thy pale lips have taught,
Which e'en Philosophy had preach'd in vain ;
With many a truth, by Science vainly sought,
Where Health exulting leads her jocund train.

For these my heart its grateful tribute pays,
And owns with joy their salutary pow'r ;
For these the Muse delights to sing thy praise,
In simple strains that cheer the midnight hour.

And who shall say—that Happiness denies
To thy pale victim her enliv'ning ray ?
E'en Rapture oft from Health's gay votary flies,
To warm the shiv'ring bosom of Decay.

Yes !—Rapture waits on Friendship's beaming smiles,
As o'er the couch of Pain she graceful bends ;
Her soothing voice the ling'ring hour beguiles,
Her gentle influence thy pow'r suspends.

SONNET,

ON THE SPRING OF A SEVENTH YEAR OF UNINTERRUPTED SICKNESS.

AGAIN the unexpected year returns,
But Health,—gay smiling Health,—returns no more !
E'en now with added rage the fever burns,
Tho' chilling northern blasts incessant roar !

While thus I linger on the verge of death,
Nor turn reluctant from the realms of Peace,
I see the young, the gay, resign their breath,
The song, the dance, the festive revel, cease ;

With fond regret they leave the sportive scene,
And sadly sighing bid the world adieu ;
While Pain's wan victim sees, with look serene,
Life's final prospect op'ning to her view ;

And gladly hastens to that promis'd shore,
Where sickness, pain, and grief are known no more.

TO OPIUM.

LET others boast the golden spoil,
Which Indian climes afford ;
And still with unavailing toil,
Increase the shining hoard :—

Still let Golconda's dazzling pride
On Beauty's forehead glow,
And round the fair, on ev'ry side,
Sabean odours flow :—

Be mine the balm, whose sov'reign pow'r
Can still the throb of Pain ;
The produce of the scentless flow'r,
That strews Hindostan's plain*.

* The best Opium is procured from the white poppy of Hindostan.

No gaudy hue its form displays,
To catch the roving eye ;
And Ignorance, with vacant gaze,
May pass regardless by.

But shall the Muse with cold disdain,
Its simple charms behold !
Shall she devote the tuneful strain
To incense, gems, or gold !

When latent ills the frame pervade,
And mock the healing art ;
Thy friendly balm shall lend its aid,
And transient ease impart ;

Shall charm the restless hour of day,
And cheer the midnight gloom ;
Shall blunt each thorn, which strews the way
That leads us to the tomb.

And oft, when Reason vainly tries
To calm the troubled breast,
Thy pow'r can seal our streaming eyes,
And bid our sorrows rest.

What tho' this calm must quickly cease,
And Grief resume its pow'r,
The heart that long has sigh'd for ease,
Will prize the tranquil hour.

A short oblivion of its care
Relieves the weary'd mind,
Till suff'ring nature learns to bear
The weight by Heav'n assign'd.

Reviv'd by thee, my drooping Muse
Now pours the grateful strain,
And Fancy's hand sweet flow'rets strews
Around the bed of Pain.

At her command gay scenes arise
To charm my raptur'd sight,
While Memory's faithful hand supplies
Past objects of delight.

Yet Memory's soothing charms were vain,
Without thy friendly aid ;
And sportive Fancy's smiling train,
Would fly Disease's shade—

Did not thy magic pow'r supply,
A mild, tho' transient ray ;
As meteors in a northern sky,
Shed artificial day.

And shall my humble Muse alone
Thy peerless worth declare !
A Muse to all the world unknown,
Whose songs are lost in air.

O ! may the bard, whose tuneful strain
Resounds thro' Derwent's vale,
At whose command the hosts of Pain,
Disease and Sickness, fail——

That sage, to whom the God of Day
His various gifts imparts,
Whose healing pow'r, whose melting lay,
United, charm our hearts——

May he devote one tuneful page,
To thee, neglected Flow'r !
Then Fame shall bid each future age,
Admiring, own thy pow'r *!

* This was written just before the publication of "The Loves of the Plants;" a work which had been long impatiently expected by every one who had been so fortunate as to see any specimen of the Author's poetical abilities.

TO SLEEP.

HASTE ! gentle Sleep ! in pity shed
Thy blessings on my weary head :
Come ! but do not come alone,
Bring the partners of thy throne,
Airy Dreams!—a sportive train,
Soothing to the troubled brain :—
Dreams, that transient joys impart,
Cordials of the fainting heart.

Let Health's glowing daughters own
(Torpid Queen !) thy pow'r alone :
They who thro' the glare of day
Sport in Fortune's golden ray,
Blest with many a gay delight,
They may spare the hours of night :
But the maid whose fading eyes
See the joyless morn arise,

She, whom sickness, pain, and care
Thro' Day's ling'ring moments share,
When Night ascends her starry throne
Seeks not calm repose alone.
Then, airy Dreams ! she courts your pow'r
You who can gild the midnight hour
With many a bright and cheering ray,
Fairy form and prospect gay.
Yes !—dear delusions !—well I know
What various pleasures you bestow ;
Pleasures free from glare and noise,
Such as Virtue oft employs
To sooth the pain her vot'ries feel,
And ease the wound she cannot heal.

O ! come once more, with downy wings,
And bear me hence to cooling springs !
Such as murmur thro' the grove
Where Shenstone's Muse was wont to rove :

There shall blooming Health once more
All her long lost joys restore,
And bid my feet resume again
Strength to tread the verdant plain;
Whilst to my enraptur'd eyes,
Where'er I turn gay scenes arise ;
Scenes in which combin'd appear,
Each beauty of the varying year :
Spring's op'ning sweets perfume the gale,
And Summer paints the blushing vale,
Whilst Autumn's richer tints improve
The beauty of the nodding grove,
And Winter flings a robe of snow
O'er the distant mountain's brow,
Where the radiant orb of day
Darts in vain his noontide ray.

See ! the magic scene expands,
Various climes and distant lands;

Air and sea your pow'r obey,
Art and Nature own your sway.
Araby thy spicy gale
Breathes perfume thro' Deva's vale ;
India's palm with graceful pride
Waves o'er Conway's foaming tide,
And the spoils of Tadmor's sands
Grace Britannia's cultur'd lands.

Now the silver lamp of Night
Pours a flood of soften'd light—
See !—a bright celestial train
Shoot across the starry plain :
Now their radiant forms advance,
Mingling in fantastic dance
To sprightly strains and melting airs
That sooth to peace our earthly cares.
See !—they gild the mountain's brow
And the wave that rolls below ;

O'er the blue expanse they glide—
Now they plunge beneath the tide!
These are the fairy scenes that rise,
When to your aid fair Fancy flies:
Or, should the sportive queen disdain
To mingle with your airy train,
Another pow'r shall lend her aid,
In less fantastic garb array'd.

See!—Memory opes her hidden treasures,
Childish sports and early pleasures;
Joys and griefs, a mingled train,
Smiling hopes and wishes vain;
Young ideas, gaily drest,
Offspring of the infant breast:
These, by your magic art combin'd,
Divert or sooth the weary'd mind.
Nor will your votary complain
Tho' Grief and Terror join the train.

When plung'd in visionary woes,
What joy the waking hour bestows,
When clasp'd in Friendship's fond embrace,
And gazing on the long-known face,
She gently wipes the falling tear,
Prepar'd to wet the shadowy bier!

No longer Superstition flings
Her mantle o'er your downy wings,
Transforming, by her gloomy pow'r,
The gay delusions of an hour,
To hopes that lead the mind astray,
And fears that cloud life's brightest day.
Philosophy, with friendly hand,
Has freed you from her dread command ;
Has bade her favour'd son * explain
The blessings of your shadowy reign.

* See Beattie's Essay on Dreams.

O ! be these blefsings ever shed
Upon your votary's sleeping head,
And nightly to her view restore
The charms which day reveals no more*.

* This Poem was written since the Author was confined to her bed.

TO MISS H—D.

IN ANSWER TO A VERY ELEGANT COPY OF VERSES,

No!—I will ne'er lament that Heav'n denies
The jocund pleasures Health's gay Queen supplies;
Tho' all the joys that frolic in her train,
And all the blessings of her sportive reign
Are still withheld, I never will repine;
Thy purer transports, Friendship, yet are mine!
And oft thy tuneful voice and beaming eye
Awake to ecstasy the nerve of joy.

Friend of my heart! whose sweetly soothing lay
Charms pale Disease, and cheers her tedious day,
Bids fond Affection's animating glow
O'er my wan cheek a transient radiance throw,
Dear was thy song in Health's exulting hour,
And oft my heart confess'd its magic pow'r;

But dearer far, the pity-breathing strain,
With which thy Muse now smooths the brow of Pain.
Then say, sweet Vo'try of the tuneful Nine !
Why sleeps thy lyre so oft—whose sound divine
To ease and health can added charms impart,
Can sooth the throb of Pain, and cheer the fainting heart ?

IMPROPTU,

TO A FRIEND.

IN pity cease—nor thus for ever pour
The pois'nous draught of flatt'ry o'er my mind :
Why seek to lessen its too little store !
Could Enmity itself be more unkind ?

Not that I dread the cup, when round it glares
Each gaudy ensign of the sorcerer's pow'r ;
But oft the bowl, thy nicer hand prepares,
Is deck'd with fragrant wreathes from Fancy's bow'r :

My dazzled senses then can scarce believe
That mischief lurks beneath the fair disguise ;
That ought so lovely smiles but to deceive,
That in the sparkling draught destruction lies.

TO ADELINA.

WRITTEN WHILST READING THE THIRD VOLUME OF MRS. SMITH'S
ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE.

THOU lovely penitent! whose long-drawn sighs
Bespeak a breast o'ercharg'd with silent grief;
O lift once more to heav'n thy downcast eyes;
Whence only, woes like thine, can hope relief!

Think not, that righteous Heav'n disdains to hear,
The contrite sigh that rends thy troubled breast;
Or sees unmov'd that penitential tear,
The faithful witness of a mind oppres'd.

Ah, no!—the being, whose all-judging eye
Beheld thy guilt, now, with a father's care,
Sees thy keen sorrows, nor will e'er deny
His promis'd pardon to thy humble pray'r.

Daughters of Virtue!—ye whose spotless fame
Courts unappall'd the searching beam of day,
Turn not with scorn, from Adelina's name,
Tho' now ye bask in Honour's cloudless ray,

Unpitying can ye view that lovely cheek,
By deep remorse, despoil'd of all its bloom!
That form, which ev'ry grace conspires to deck,
Thus slowly sinking to its early tomb!

Once she was innocent, and then the rose
Of beauty dazzled each admiring eye;
And those dark beaming orbs, which soon must close,
Charm'd every heart, and wak'd the trembling sigh.

Then, where gay Pleasure leads the mazy dance,
O'er ev'ry nymph she shone like Beauty's Queen!
Joy laugh'd exulting in each sportive glance,
And artless Nature triumph'd in her mein!

Like you, she lightly tripp'd, devoid of care,
Devoid of guilt, with conscious charms elate ;
Her hopes, like yours, were radiant all and fair,
Her fame unsullied, and her mind as great.

Now, with faint steps she treads the pebbly shore,
While Zephyr fans her burning cheek in vain ;
Unseen by her, the circling sea-fowl soar,
Or skim with light wing o'er the foamy main.

The shadowy mist that wrapt yon mountain's height,
Whose rocky base frowns o'er the murmuring deep,
Sun-struck, dissolving into golden light,
No more invites her to the airy steep.

One cheerless prospect meets her downcast eye,
One sad idea fills her absent mind ;
Nor earth, nor air, nor ocean, can supply
The joys that fled with innocence resign'd.

And has futurity no bliss in store?
Yes, lovely mourner! pitying Heav'n prepares
A lasting mansion on that peaceful shore,
Where weeping Penitence forgets its cares.

Oh ! thither turn thine eyes—nor let Despair,
With hand remorseless, quench that guiding ray,
Which holy Faith and pious Hope prepare,
To cheer the contrite pilgrim's weary way.

TO THE AUTHOR's BROTHER,

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE—IN THE YEAR 1789.

O Thou, the best of brothers and of friends !
Say, who but thee could wake the sleeping lyre ?
Fann'd by thy breath the latent flame ascends ;
Thy voice, can better than the Muse inspire.

That voice, which from thy sister's anxious breast,
So oft has chas'd the dark'ning cloud of Care,
Oh ! may it never be in vain address'd,
When love and beauty shall awake the pray'r.

May each soft accent kindest thoughts inspire
With tender wishes, and the smiling train
Of hopes, that ever wait on young desire ;
Gay hopes, that smile—alas, too oft in vain !

But thou wilt ne'er with cruel art excite,
The fruitless wish that banishes repose ;
Still be that heart a stranger to delight,
Which poorly triumphs in another's woes.

May foul dishonour haunt the narrow breast,
Which selfish vanity alone can move ;
Which meanly seeks unblessing to be blest,
And cheats some fair one with dissembled love.

But whither has my wand'ring fancy stray'd !
'Mongst perjur'd swains and damsels all forlorn,
Where sighs that breathe for kindness ill repaid
And broken vows on every gale are borne ?

Not such the views that first awak'd my lay—
Views glowing from the touch of Friendship's hand ;
Bright shone the scene, with Truth's effulgent ray,
And smiling Love obey'd her mild command.

No sigh is heard, save that which Rapture breathes,
Rapture, chastis'd by Reason's timely care :
Unfading, sure, must be the flow'ry wreaths
Which Truth, and Love, and Reason shall prepare ?

Such be the gentle band that shall unite
Thy feeling heart with her whom Heav'n ordains
To grace thy future days with calm delight,
To share thy pleasures and relieve thy pains.

Now Fancy, hither bring the chosen Fair,
And lend me, sportive Queen, thy friendly aid,
That I may deck her with a sister's care,
Then to Mauritius lead the blushing maid !

Come, rosy Health ! and with thy palest hue
Tinge her fair cheek, and give her slender form
Of thy unyielding strength a portion due,
But less than triumphs o'er the wint'ry storm.

Sweet Sensibility ! thy purest beam,
Sublim'd by love, shall light her speaking eye,
Which oft in Mis'ry's dark abode shall gleam,
Sooth every pain, and still each rising sigh.

And thou, Simplicity ! whose plain array
Is now become of modern maids the jest,
Thou scorn'st the varied hues their forms display,
O clothe the fair one in thy snowy vest !

Bind it, ye Graces ! with your magic zone,
And thro' each motion all your charms diffuse ;
Charms none could ever paint, but all must own
The speechless eloquence your vot'ries use.

Now say, Mauritius ! can thy heart desire,
Thy wishes paint, a more accomplish'd maid,
Or does some lovely fair, thy breast inspire
Whose glowing beauties ask not Fancy's aid ?

'Tis so—That stifled sigh the truth betrays ;
And sure (if right I gheſſ) the conscious Muse
Has caught, with happy art, each varying grace,
Each charm which decks the Fair thy hope pursues.

Go then ! and may ſucces thy ſuit attend ;
Soon let me hail the morn that ſhall bestow
On me—the Sister and the faithful Friend ;
On thee—the best of bleſſings here below.

MARGARET'S DEATH—A SONG.

(THE SAME MEASURE AS ROSLIN CASTLE.)

TWAS night! and all were hush'd in sleep,
Save the 'lorn wretch who wakes to weep,
When Marg'ret rose, and sought the shade,
By fond remembrance sacred made.
Of broken vows the damsel sung,
With William's name the valleys rung,
Whilst Cynthia shed a trembling beam
On Liffy's gently-winding stream.

Close by its brink pale Marg'ret stands,
With vacant eye and folded hands ;
Nor sees the gath'ring storm arise,
Nor hears the peal which rends the skies !

Tho' lightnings flash, tho' torrents pour,
And Liffy's stream invades the shore,
She stands unmov'd, nor sees the wave
Which bears her to the peaceful grave !

VERSES.

DESIGNED FOR AN INSCRIPTION AT THE ENTRANCE
OF A GROVE.

SONS of Discord ! come not near,
Peace and gentle Love are here ;
Each unhallow'd passion hence !
Here Pleasure dwells with Innocence.
Beauteous pair ! may nought divide you,
Ever join'd adorn this shade
Here no evil can betide you
Shielded by the blue-eyed maid.

Wisdom, daughter of the skies,
Governs here with mildest sway ;
The radiant train of social joys
Gladly her commands obey.

And see where Venus, with the Graces join,
To bind a flow'ry wreath on Hymen's brow !
Thro' these still groves he breathes an air divine,
And here his brightest flame must ever glow,
Since Virtue in Good-humour's charms array'd,
From every chilling blast defends their hallow'd shade !

VERSES

ON HEARING THAT AN AIRY AND PLEASANT
SITUATION, NEAR A POPULOUS AND COMMERCIAL TOWN,
WAS SURROUNDED WITH NEW BUILDINGS.

THERE was a time ! that time the Muse bewails,
When Sunny-Hill enjoy'd refreshing gales ;
When Flora sported in its fragrant bow'rs,
And strew'd with lib'ral hand her sweetest flow'rs !
Now sable vapours, pregnant with disease,
Clog the light pinions of the southern breeze ;
Each verdant plant assumes a dusky hue,
And sooty atoms taint the morning dew.
No more the lily rears her spotless head,
Health, verdure, beauty, fragrance, all are fled :
Sulphureous clouds deform the rising day,
Nor own the pow'r of Sol's meridian ray ;
While sickly damps, from Aire's polluted stream,
Quench the pure radiance of his parting beam.

These are thy triumphs, Commerce!—these thy spoils!
Yet sordid mortals glory in their toils,
Spurn the pure joys which simple Nature yields,
Her breezy hills, dark groves, and verdant fields,
With cold indiff'rence, view her blooming charms,
And give youth, ease, and health to thy enfeebling arms.

TO MISS D—N.

ON A COPY OF VERSES ADDRESSED TO HER; IN WHICH SHE IS ADVISED BY A FRIEND, IN THE CHARACTER OF MINERVA, TO REGULATE HERSELF IN THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND BY THE RULES OF LAVATER, AND NOT TO ADMIT ANY ONE AS A CANDIDATE FOR HER FAVOR, TILL SHE HAS MEASURED HIS HEAD WITH A COMPASS AND LINE.

IN vain Alicia has preferr'd her pray'r!
In vain has Wisdom made the nymph her care!
Immortal Folly, trembling for her boys,
The utmost effort of her skill employs:
To guard her darling from the cautious fair
Each empty head she decks with studious care;
With curls on curls conceals its shape and size,
And thus eludes Alicia's piercing eyes.
Then, (lest these marks her children should betray,
And only guide the fair a speedier way)

She calls a wily sorceress to her aid,
Whose potent charms e'en Wisdom's realms pervade.
As Fashion waves her wand, each well-made skull
Assumes the form which Folly gave the dull:
And thus, in spite of all Lavater's rules,
Reduces to one standard wits and fools;
Defeats the fair Alicia's wise designs,
And renders vain her compasses and her lines.

But let not the discerning maid despair,
For, spite of Fashion's magic, Folly's care,
Her steady judgment clearly shall discover,
Without Lavater's aid, the worthy lover:
And since 'tis plain his rules are useless grown,
Both heart and head shall measure by her own.

VERSES,

ON HEARING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN SAY, THAT HE WOULD MARRY
ANY WOMAN WHO WAS RICH, HOWEVER OLD, UGLY, OR ILL
NATURED.

“GIVE me a wife,”—the young Leander cries,
“ With wealth endowed ! I ask not radiant eyes :
“ Let hers be dim, or keen with rage and spite,
“ Her shining hoards will yield no doubtful light.
“ What tho’ perpetual frowns contract her brow,
“ Her smooth green lawns more solid joys bestow
“ Than Beauty’s bloom, or e’en Good-Humour’s smile :
“ Unthrifty charms, which heedless youth beguile.”
Should Heav’n in veng’ance listen to his pray’r,
And fill his arms with Wealth and wrinkled Care,
Full oft will he deplore the sordid thought,
And find the wished-for treasure dearly bought :
His vacant breast shall heave the ceaseless sigh,
And sadly own, that gold can ill supply

Those joys, which virtue can alone bestow,
And none but Hymen's purest fav'rites know.

Unhappy youth ! when overwhelm'd with grief,
Will thy Urganda's frown afford relief?

And should disease or pain thy frame invade,
Her wither'd arm can ill support thy head.

E'en in those hours, by health and fortune blest,
Her jealous fears shall rob thy soul of rest,

Gaze not, Leander, on Cecilia's face,
Which virtue decks with every winning grace ;
For while your praise or merit you bestow,
The low'ring tempest clouds Urganda's brow.

Too late you view th' impending storm with dread,
It bursts in keen reproaches on thy head.

And now the haggard fiend, with jaundic'd eye,
Bids Discord shake her flaming torch on high :
The subtile fire thy stately dome pervades,
Thy rustic temples, and thy verdant shades,

Blasts the gay produce of thy spacious fields,
And taints the glowing fruit thy garden yields,
A sable cloud o'er each bright image throws,
Thro' which no ray can pierce to sooth thy woes:
On grief so caus'd, fair Hope disdains to shine,
And Pity has no tear for woes like thine !

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

“ HERE! take this potent charm,” Mauritius said,
“ And see if Time hath ought in store for thee;
“ With care beneath thy downy pillow laid
“ ’Twill sure reveal whate’er the Fates decree.
“ Thrice has it three times pass’d the encircling gold
“ That decks the finger of Mercutio’s bride,
“ And in mysterious vision ’twill unfold
“ The good or ill thy watchful stars provide!”

The maid receiv’d the gift, with grateful heart,
Nor doubts the virtue, spells like these impart;
Impatiently she waits the silent hour,
When Reason yields to Fancy’s sportive pow’r:
The toilette’s tribute hastily she pays,
And short—ah! very short—the pray’r she says;
With hasty tone she cries,—“ Put out the light!”
And thinks it loss of time to bid good night:

With anxious care beneath her pillow lays
The potent charm that holds her future days.
Tho' long the drowsy god his aid denies,
Bright visions dance before her waking eyes :
Awhile the smart cockade and martial air,
The sword and nodding plume engage her care,
But soon they yield to more substantial charms,
And the huge bale, well-pack'd, her bosom warms.
These pond'rous blessings quickly cease to please,
The verdant fields delight, and balmy breeze,
The rosy squire the merchant's place supplies,
And dear-lov'd ponies prance before her eyes :
Long, long she dwells on these with fond delight—
“ Be these,” she cries, “ the vision of the night !”
Next Learning's sons appear, a solemn train ;
And law and physic fill her giddy brain ;
The church—Oh no !—she enters not its door,
And Presbyterian parsons are too poor.

At length, fatigu'd, she turns her weary head,
Sleep seals her eyes, each airy form is fled.
Ah,—simple maid!—and dost thou hope to find
The mystic dream, like that of Fancy, kind?
Better, far better, hadst thou kept awake,
Or ate, for supper, the prophetic cake.
Awhile the traces of the waking hour
Return in spite of Fate's and Fortune's pow'r;
Awhile the well-dress'd youth transports her view,
But morning dreams, as poets sing, are true:
The bellman's voice proclaims approaching day,
The sons of Commerce trudge their wonted way,
When lo! Selina's frightened eyes behold
An haggard spectre, wrinkled, lean, and old;
A peevish virgin's spiteful look she wears,
And in her arms a tabby cat she bears:
Malignant pleasure darting from her eyes,
“Hear, wretched maid! thy doom,” she shrilly cries;

“ Vain is thy hope to fire the merchant’s breast,
“ No empty purse deprives his soul of rest ;
“ The sword and plume are all the Hero’s store ;
“ Be timely wise and dream of these no more :
“ All thoughts of squire and pony quick resign,
“ Nor squire nor pony ever shall be thine :
“ In me behold the peevish maiden’s lot,
“ By all despis’d, neglected, and forgot,
“ The scorn of man, the gentle female’s dread ;
“ Such must thou be, when youth and years are fled :
“ E’en Tray will cease thy gloomy hearth to grace—
“ Learn then betimes to prize the tabby race ;
“ Receive, with thankful heart, my purring friend,
“ For she alone thy footsteps shall attend—
“ Such is the will of Fate !”—No more she said,
But while she stroked her fury darling’s head,
Approach’d the maid, who gaz’d with frightened air
And tearful eye, upon the grizly pair ;

On her pale cheek no dimpled smiles appear,
No outstretched arms receive a gift so dear ;
All this the hag, with rage indignant spy'd—
“ And dost thou spurn my offer'd boon ! ” she cry'd ;
“ Take then, ungrateful fair ! the veng'ance due”—
That instant puffs upon Selina flew,
With back erect and savage tyger glare,
While lambent light'ning sparkled thro' her hair :
As with keen fangs her dire revenge she took,
Half-dead with fear the trembling maid awoke.

THE CROPS,

A TALE.

A MONKEY-TRIBE that lately bred,
By some odd chance in Britain's isle,
When comb'd and drest, and wash'd and fed,
With lap-dogs shar'd the fair-one's smile.

And some of them, I must confess,
Were really handsome well-made brutes !
Were bon-vivants, could dance and dress,
Nay,—play on fiddles, hautboys, flutes !

And other tricks the creatures shew'd,
To raise our wonder and delight ;
Whilst some, with brighter parts endu'd,
'Tis said, could even read and write.

Oh ! had they shunn'd those dang'rous arts,
Nor e'er aspir'd to Wisdom's prize,
They still had shar'd the softest hearts,
They still had charm'd the brightest eyes,

For then unseen by all the race,
Monboddo's page had still remain'd ;
Then had they 'scap'd the dire disgrace,
Their philosophic toil has gain'd :

For there they read,—that human-kind,
Were monkeys once, with tails like theirs !
But getting somehow cropp'd behind,
Left worth and wisdom to their heirs.

“ Ah ! ha !—we've found the secret out,”
Exclaim'd an ape of parts acute,
“ The sage has prov'd, beyond a doubt,
“ That 'tis the tail that makes the brute.

“ Let us no longer, then, endure
 The scorn that 'waits our harmless clan,
“ But cut our tails—and thus secure
 The rank and privilege of man!”

Each patriot bosom caught the flame—

Ah, me! how many comely tails
Fell victims to the love of fame:
The Muse, with tears, their fate bewails.

For when the metamorphos'd crew
 In Britain's court again were seen,
Where eager for applause they flew,
They frighten'd our most gracious queen.

“ Take, take away the brutes !” she cry'd,
 “ And never let me see them more,
“ Till Hunter gets them stuff'd and dry'd,
 “ To grace his philosophic store.”

The royal pleasure soon was known,
And all the females in the land,
With one consent, agreed to frown
Upon the patriotic band.

So now they wander, all forlorn,
Sad outcasts from the fair and great ;
With keen remorse each breast is torn——
But, ah ! repentance comes too late.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO A BROTHER,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE COUNTRY TO FINISH HIS EDUCATION,

AS A SURGEON, IN LONDON—IN THE YEAR 1784.

WITH hasty wing the passing minutes fly,
And in their train the dreaded hour appears,
My breast already heaves the parting sigh ;
My eyes o'erflow with unavailing tears !

The rising sigh, the starting tears are vain,
And vain each fond regret that tears my heart ;
Fair Science beckons thee to join her train,
And stern-brow'd Wisdom calmly bids us part.

Then go !—and may they guide thy steps to fame ;
To useful fame, of virtuous acts the meed,
Not such as steel-clad conqu'ring heroes claim,
When on the embattled plain their thousands bleed !

Thine be the art, the streaming wound to close,
To raise, with healing arm, the drooping head,
To bless the sleepless couch with sweet repose,
And o'er the pallid cheek fresh bloom to spread.

So hope, exulting, cheers my drooping heart,
So paints thy future worth, thy future fame,
She bids the tear of Anguish cease to start,
She bids me triumph in a sister's name.

For sure each ray that gilds thy youthful brow,
With beam reflected, on my head shall shine ;
And every joy thy feeling heart shall know,
By sympathy increas'd, be doubly mine !

Whilst these bright views my kindling fancy warm,
I smile regardless of the parting hour ;
But soon the fairy visions cease to charm,
And Melancholy reassumes her pow'r.

She brings the hours of absence to my eyes—

Long solitary Hours, a sable train,

“ Twelve lingering moons shall these be thine !” she cries ;

“ And thou the subject of my gloomy reign.

“ Oft too, shall anxious doubts distract thy mind,

“ And boding fears deprive thy soul of rest,

“ Whilst Hope’s bright ray in vain shall seek to find

“ Its wonted entrance to thy troubled breast.”

Ye ghastly phantoms, hence !—my stedfast soul

Relies on HIM, whose all-supporting arm

Can ev’ry pow’r of wickedness controul,

And guard his servants from impending harm.

To him a sister’s pray’r shall daily rise,

Her nightly orisons to him ascend :

Refuse not, gracious Heav’n ! the sacrifice

Thus offered for the brother and the friend.

Yet e'en with these shall rise the anxious sigh,
The tear of fond rememb'rance oft shall flow:
For who shall now a brother's care supply !
Who share my happiness or sooth my woe !

THE END.

From THE OFFICE of
WILSON, SPENCE, and MAWMAN,
York.—Anno 1793.



